
For the First and Last Day of the New Millennium

Of Apples, Honeyed Wine, Fromage, and Tea Leaves
(and spinning lies beneath the ancient boughs of your sweet
willows)--

we drank into our skins
the scent of frost
and ripened peaches,
and watched as fire blossoms draped the lawn.

Of apples, honeyed wine, fromage, and tea leaves
(and wading in lakes like milk beyond the fronds of your sweet
willows)--

we danced in the Harvest Light with eyes too clear and bright
(and swollen) to see
and drew a thousand stars
toward its full cup.

Of apples, frosted wine, fromage, and tea leaves --
and hiking through a copse of summer vines and evergreens--
we pressed against our lips the poisoned berries,
and let the winds send 'tween us scents still fragrant,
of unearthed truffles, and fairy mounds hidden, and rings
and lemon secrets carried deep within the chastened
soil.

Forever--

With cider, raisins, loneliness, and incense,
to greet one bright and sentry autumn's day
we lay beneath the boughs of your sweet willow,
whose ashen drape of fronds churned deep the snow.
We sensed the peaches meld into the rich earth
and by the Hunter's Light
watched toxic blossoms of fire and frost drift aimlessly
over the ways back.
We lay still in the boughs of your sweet willow--
and watched a thousand stars ignite the sun...

•Larrisse Nelson